

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.



The accompanying engraving represents that ancient "cradle of liberty," immortal Faneuil Hall. The building was erected in 1742, at the sole expense of Peter Faneuil, Esq. and generously given to the town; the basement for a market, with a spacious and most beautiful hall, and other convenient rooms above, for the accommodation of the citizens on all public occasions. The building was then one hundred feet by forty; and the hall capable of holding two thousand people, or more. This fine and convenient building was consumed by fire in 1761, excepting the brick walls: But the town voted to rebuild it immediately. Mr. Faneuil had then been dead several years. In 1805, it was enlarged by the addition of another story, and of forty feet to the width, thus making it eighty feet wide. It is still a place of meeting for the citizens, and will now accommodate five thousand people. There is a cupola on the

building, from which is a fine view of the harbor of Boston. The hall is about eighty feet square, and twenty-eight feet in height; with galleries on three sides supported by doric columns. At the west end, the wall is ornamented with a good full-length likeness of Peter Faneuil, of General Washington, Governor John Hancock, General Henry Knox, and others; and a bust of President John Adams. The lower part of the building is no longer used as a market; a large and elegant one having been erected by the city for that purpose in 1827. In the immediate vicinity, stands one of those old, antiquated "many-covered, gable-ended, top-heavy, old houses which constituted the compact center of Boston in the days of the old English governors. It was long occupied by the late John K. Simpson, and is the only one of that venerable and picturesque heap of triangles, which has not dropped beneath the merciless hand of improvement."

## SELECT TALES.

From the Philadelphia Visitor.

### THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

"'Twas his brow no outward passion spoke,  
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;  
Yet there was something fixed in that low tone,  
Which showed resolve, determined, though unknown."  
Lara.

The funeral of Mrs. Fleming took place the second morning subsequent to the night of her decease. I attended it in company with Mr. Barry. There were but few followers to the grave—she had died in obscurity, and the hearse that bore the body, together with the carriage which contained Mr. Barry and myself, were the only vehicles present. A display of empty car-

riages at a funeral is one of the greatest follies that ever the vanity of mankind resorted to.

Small as it was, as the train issued from the alley into the street, it had an imposing effect; and the clouded atmosphere, rendered additionally dull by the drizzling of a slight rain, added its gloom and dreariness to the melancholy scene.

Arrived at the cemetery, we wound slowly through the mounds and white tomb stones scattered over the field, to where the yellow soil had recently been upturned, and the opening yawned to receive its dead. Pickaxe, shovels and spade were lying on the ground; and with faces solemn for the occasion, the grave-diggers remained in readiness to lower the coffin into its resting-place. The weeping one was the faithful Catharine, who shed tears of sympathy without the alloy of interestedness. Others seemed sorrowful, but theirs was merely a semblance of grief—the sorrow that we all naturally feel in connection with our thoughts when a fellow-being departs from among us in life.

The minister of God, who attended upon the occasion, delivered a short but impressive homily and addressed a fervent prayer to the throne of the Deity. As is customary, one after another approached the side of the grave to take a last look before the heavy clod with its hollow sound should fall upon the coffin-lid—among the rest Mr. Barry, whose feelings all gushed to his heart at that moment.

At this juncture there appeared another at the side of the grave—a stranger!

His large form was enveloped in the capacious width of a cloth cloak. His right foot rested upon the heap of soil destined to cover the corpse, and his keen eyes—dark—brilliant—were steadfastly fixed upon the much less determined gaze of Mr. Barry, who seemed lost in amazement, confused, and wavering between incertitude and confirmation. The *tableau*, as it thus presented itself, forcibly reminded me of Hamlet and Laertes at the grave of the unfortunate, the lamented, Ophelia—and my active imagination immediately embodied the group before me with the characters and scientific pathos of Shakespeare's drama.

The stranger, as if by magic, had suddenly emerged from the group around the grave; and the eyes of all as a matter of course, were at once arrested by the unlooked-for presence, his singular deportment at a ceremony which they had assembled reverentially to honor.

"What do you here," he exclaimed, with a stern and loud voice, but the tones of which seemed subdued in a slight degree with emotion. "What do you here, Walter Barry—you—at her funeral! It ill becomes the man who while she lived did all to blast her hopes—it ill becomes such a man to weep at his victim's burial!"

This was strange language, and the excited curiosity of the crowd was evident in the anxious endeavors of male and female to get nearer the speaker, as they eagerly grouped close around him.

"She," continued the stranger, "who in life owed all her grief to you, must as it seems have her memory insulted too by your presence. While friends are paying at her grave the last sad tribute of humanity, here too are you! You came in your carriage too, ostensibly to parade

your hypocritical sorrow, whilst humbler and sincerer friends came here on foot to mourn and shed the tear of sympathy."

"Mistaken man!" audibly murmured Mr. Barry, whose varying countenance—now flushed—now pale—exhibited the agitation of his mind.

"Mistaken!" echoed the stranger—"mistaken!"—and a significant smile passed over his countenance. "No!" he vociferated—"tis you that are deceived." Suddenly subduing the tones of his voice, "my sister, sir! my sister!" pointedly and with pathos he murmured. "Where is she? oh, where!—Alas! she sleeps within the grave—the grave, her only refuge from the world's cold scorn, her only solace for a broken heart! And now—my mother too!"

For a moment, burying his face in his hands, he paused with emotion.

"Oh, friends!" he resumed—"you that stand mute and wondering around me, know that I had a sister once—a gentle being—all loveliness and beauty; the rose-leaf was not fairer—no, nor ocean-pearls more pure than she; but the destroyer came, he came and blighted all!"

Here advancing to the verge of the grave, he uncovered his head, and reverentially gazing down into the chasm, with a choked and difficult utterance, exclaimed, "my mother!—alas!—alas! farewell!—I know thou canst not hear me now—but—farewell! No husband, child or relative, was at thy side when dying—but lonely and desolate—strangers closed thine eyes and strangers too have buried thee! A long—a last—farewell!"

So saying, without a threat or further epithet, he turned upon his heel, pushed through the bystanders and stalked towards the gate of the cemetery; the eyes of all followed him till he issued through the gate and disappeared.

Mr. Barry made not the explanation to the crowd which they evidently expected; he uttered not a word, but followed by me, silently returned to his carriage.

This then was Arthur Fleming—the son of her who had just been consigned to the grave—of whom she had spoken upon the night of her decease, as still surviving to avenge her own and her daughter's injuries; and was doubtless the person who that same night had caused the alarm of Louisa at the door of Mr. Barry's dwelling.

While in the carriage and returning from the burial, Mr. Barry sat back with folded arms abstracted in deep thought. I did not interrupt his reverie, but, as we rolled on, revolved in my mind the remarkable and unexpected appearance of the stranger, at the interment, the remarkable language that he made use of there and his equally abrupt and mysterious departure. It seemed more like the illusion of a dream than reality—more like the probable but fictitious and exaggerated portraiture of a novelist or romance writer. It seemed strange, too—indeed strange, that Mr. Barry should suffer himself to be publicly accused as he had been, without offering a word of either refutation or retort. He had even seemed to shrink, as if guilty, before the haughty gaze of Arthur Fleming. Could it be, that after all, his narrative was merely a well-wrought tale well told and calculated to impress the hearer with its truth, but in fact no more

than a cloak of disguise? Could it be? Had he indeed been the author of the sorrow and shame imputed to him—of which both mother and son had accused him—the former on her death-bed, the latter at his mother's grave!

Two evenings subsequent to the day of the funeral—(so says my journal, kept as the incidents occurred at the time, and from which I extract that which I am laying before my reader in the form of a tale)—two evenings subsequent to the day of the funeral, Louisa and I were present at a very large public assembly in commemoration of an important national event. The dancing had commenced. Exercise and the glow of excitement had flushed the fair cheeks of beauty—Louisa, among the rest, was as happy as the bird of summer, chanting its carol responsive to nature's universal song. At the termination of the cotillon in which I had been her partner, my brother Lewis approached us, with, to my astonishment, no other than Arthur Fleming, leaning upon his arm.\* An introduction ensued, by which Louisa and I were formally made acquainted with the man who had so singularly presented himself at the interment of his mother, two days previous. His manners were easy, elegant—entirely characteristic of a gentleman accustomed to the tone of good society. He asked Louisa, if not previously engaged, for the pleasure of dancing with her in the next cotillon.† She accepted his hand as a matter of courtesy, and I sought another partner. Lewis strolled to a different part of the saloon.

Here was more mystery! how came Lewis in the company of Mr. Fleming? So intimate as they seemed too? "What train of circumstances," thought I, "has combined to bring these two together?" Casting my eyes towards the cotillon, in which my new acquaintance was dancing with Louisa, I could but contrast his lively countenance and vivacity, with his stern look and majestic deportment at the grave only two days previous.

At the conclusion of the next cotillon, wishing to speak with my brother, I went round the room in search of him.

Lewis was my elder by several years—an only brother, and the favorite of our parents, who took no pains to conceal their preference from my sister and myself. He was a handsome, manly looking person, with not a blooming, but a flushed countenance, light hair, inclined to curl, and eyes of a beautiful cerulean. My sister, youngest of the three, resembled him very closely—the same eyes and the same shade of hair, but the bloom of health glowed in her cheeks, and not the flush of dissipation. A slight tinge of sadness pervaded her disposition; an inclination to thought, which delicate as the incarnation of a rose-leaf, imparted to her beauty additional charms; and intellectual superiority, like the lingering refulgence of sunset as it blends with twilight upon the sky, rendered beauty more beautiful. She was a being to be loved!

Lewis was emphatically what we term a man of the world; he had traveled much and mingled in every variety of life, in every grade of society.

\* This was strange—in such a place so soon after his mother's death! It surprised me.

† I was still more surprised to perceive that he could participate in the dance.



Ellen, on the contrary, had scarcely ever emerged from the precincts of home; with fashionable folly she had never mingled, but of choice had resisted its allurements, and her nature was consequently not sophisticated with its vices. Home had been all-in-all to her; home, when surrounded with the elegancies of domestic life. Like the bee sipping honey from the flower, she had extracted from music, poetry, light literature and the fine arts, refinement without imbibing their too often objectionable qualities.

My own personal appearance and character, comparatively speaking, was something between the two. I had darker hair than they, and not the same floridity of countenance; though there was a strong resemblance between the three of us, I by no means bore the resemblance to them which they did to one another. My character, too, was essentially different from theirs—it was a medium, partaking of Lewis' vivacity and Ellen's *retenue*, but in which the qualities of both were so blended that neither of itself was often distinguishable.

After searching around the saloon, I at last found Lewis in one of the dressing-rooms, standing before a full-length toilet-glass, adjusting the curls of his hair. His back was towards me, but perceiving my approach reflected in the mirror, without desisting or turning his head, he commenced—"that's a fine girl, that Miss Barry of yours, George. Every time I see her my admiration increases. Her father, I hear, is very rich."

"She is rich herself—independent of her father," I answered.

"Is she—so much the better? I hear you're engaged to be married to her—are you?"

"Excuse me," said I, "if I decline answering you at present."

"Certainly—certainly. But your declining to answer is a proof that you are. Well, marry her; make her Mrs. Harrison, say I; she's a fine girl, and I shall be proud of such a sister-in-law. She dances like a sylph—such ease and grace—such a charming little foot, and *such* an ankle! There's nothing of a woman, be she ever so handsome, that I admire more than a well-turned ankle, and a neat foot—marry her, George, if only for these."

"Fie, brother, you would not advise me to marry a woman with no other recommendation than a symmetrical foot and ankle, would you?"

"Not exactly; but Miss Barry has the charms of a pretty face in addition to these, and you say she is rich; the last and greatest consideration. So by all means I charge you to marry her. Don't let the opportunity slip I pray you, as I once did when I trifled with the affections of Miss Goldfinch, the heiress, who eventually discarded me. Time and tide wait for no man, says the proverb; and Shakespeare, you know, says something about a flood tide leading on to fortune. I don't precisely remember the words of the author. But marry her, George; 'put money in thy purse,' as Iago tells the silly Rodrigo in the play; 'put money in thy purse.' There are three of us, you know, to share what father leaves; and consequently, an advantageous marriage is a desirable object to either. I have since frequently regretted the loss of Miss Goldfinch's fortune, and should another such a prize present itself in the lottery of marriages, I

shall know how to appreciate it. 'Experience is indeed the best tutor.'"

"You quote proverbs," said I; "Chesterfield considered them vulgar."

"Chesterfield was a fool," replied Lewis, gravely; "there's more wisdom in one proverb than twenty such heads as his would contain."

Having by this time satisfactorily arranged his hair we returned to the saloon.

"Who," I inquired, with an air of indifference, "is this Fleming you introduced to us?"

"Fine fellow—met him in New Orleans winter before last—fine fellow," answered my voluble brother with rapidity, "he was formerly a resident of our city—born here—brought up here—father died—left him rich—spent it all—got into difficulties and absconded. Now he is rich again and has returned to his native city to pay his old debts and contract new."

"But by what means," I inquired, "has he obtained his wealth?"

"Don't know—never asked him—no business of mine; all I know is that he has it and spends it like a prince." Lowering his voice to a whisper, "bye the bye," he continued, "I think he would make a good match for Ellen—hey—what say you?"

"Never!" I exclaimed—"never!"—with a thrill of almost horror at the thought of my sister being united to a gambler perhaps, and one of whose history I knew so little, or rather so much that was discreditable.

"Never," repeated Lewis with mock solemnity—"why, what do you mean by that? See—you have so loudly expressed yourself that the eyes of hundreds are upon us—like myself they are at a loss to conjecture what you mean. Fie—I'm ashamed of you, George; ashamed of you."

So saying, my brother, with his accustomed levity, sauntered away, leaving me to the indulgence of my thoughts—if I think I could, amidst the scene around me. Instead of indulging in a reverie, however, I went towards the spot where I had left Louisa with Fleming; they were not there; and looking around the saloon in quest of her I encountered a party, composed of ladies chiefly, among which she was seated, with Fleming and others engaged in conversation.

"Ah," exclaimed one of the ladies as I approached, "here he is now. Mr. Harrison, account for yourself. Miss Barry here has been wondering at your absence, and had you not appeared just as you did, would have chided. I could plainly distinguish dissatisfaction in her countenance; luckily however, you came at the critical moment, and the sunshine of your presence has dispersed the dark gathering upon her brow and which else would have bursted into a storm."

I answered ironically that I left Miss Barry in such good society that I made myself perfectly at ease, convinced that she and her company would derive a mutual gratification from each other.

The unusual austerity of my look and the ambiguity of the language I made use of, caused Louisa to turn her eyes upon mine with a glance of mingled distrust and timidity. The keen, dark eyes of Fleming too gazed upon me as if he would thereby penetrate my meaning. I

encountered his gaze unabashed—and, in spite of me, I could not suppress the sarcastical smile that for an instant rose on my lips and vanished. He observed it, retorted with a fiend like scowl and muttered something between his teeth—it was unintelligible. His florid countenance became suddenly ashy-pale with anger—and turning abruptly aside, he addressed his conversation to one of the ladies who composed the group.

At this juncture Lewis approached us. "Come, Fleming," he exclaimed—"I don't like to tear you away, but positively our engagement is imperative; it wants but twenty minutes of the time—and for fear you should become completely fascinated by some of the many charms around you, come at once." With this my volatile brother seized the arm of Fleming, and they disappeared among the crowd. Nor was I sorry—it relieved me of the latter's presence. But a subject of the deepest regret was the fact of my brother being intimate with Fleming—it might lead to an unpleasant, perhaps to a fatal result.

Scarcely had Fleming turned his back before the spirit of detraction was at work among those whom he left.

"Who is he?" inquired the first.

"Your question is one that is not easily to be answered," was the reply of another.

"An adventurer, perhaps," uttered a third, half afraid to let the words pass her lips, yet anxious to hear scandal and ever ready to promote it.

"He keeps the best of society," laconically remarked a fourth.

"Yes," responded the fifth, well advanced in years, but still as lively as a cricket and as talkative as a parrot, with two spinstrel-like daughters under her matronly protection who were anxiously on the lookout for husbands, but as jealous of each other as wild-cats—each fearful of the other getting married first, without, at the same time there existing a likelihood for either. "Yes," said the old lady, unexpectedly espousing the cause of Fleming—"yes, he does keep the best of society, and he is entitled to do so both by birth and education—"

Ere she could finish the sentence she was interrupted by a surly but staunch old democrat of the Jefferson school, the territory of whose principles she had unconsciously invaded. He was dressed in the antiquated style of knee-breeches and shoe-buckles. "Birth," said he, "zounds, madam, do you talk of birth as affording any privileges in a country like ours—in a republic?"

"I do," was the concise answer of the old lady, bristling up to the advocate of democracy, like an angry grimalkin bidding defiance to one of the canine species. "Mr. Fleming is of a good family—"

"Pol! nonsense!" the other again interrupted. "The government of these United States is, I tell you, republican. It acknowledges no distinctions among men. The accident of birth, I admit, may place a man in affluent circumstances—talents too may render a man pre-eminent among his fellow men, but that birth in this country shall confer such a privilege as that to which you refer I peremptorily deny."

"I say it does," retorted the lady, red in the face with anger.

"No, madam."

"I say it does, and I'll maintain it," cried the lady; "I knew Mr. Fleming's parents well when they were wealthy——"

"Bah!" emphatically uttering which the democrat turned upon his heel, with a sneer of contempt upon the stickler for aristocracy, and left the group.

"The old Turk!" muttered the latter between her teeth, with a corresponding emphasis, as she gazed after him with a look of bitter hate and self-chagrin.

Amidst the ferment, tittle-tattle and clash of tongue that followed, Louisa and I slipped away. I had ordered that the carriage should be in readiness as early as twelve o'clock, and as it was past midnight I called for it.

While yet in the carriage I asked Louisa what she thought of her new acquaintance, Mr. Fleming?

"Indeed I scarcely know what to think of him," she replied. "At first I was pleased with him; he soon however became too assiduously attentive and used such equivocal language, that his meaning was either obscure or incomprehensible. There is about him an air of libertinism too that I do not like. Who is he? do you know him?"

"Yes—that is—no—" I confusedly stuttered, but luckily at that moment the carriage stopped at the door of Mr. Barry's dwelling and the subject of discourse was broken off.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"There is dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self control;  
The silver light, which hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor which is not repose."—Don. Juan.

As I feared he would, Lewis introduced Fleming into the family, and about a week after the foregoing he dined with us. I treated him with civility, but coldly, merely replying when he addressed me. My fears were for Ellen, Lewis appeared not to, or did not, observe my demeanor towards his guest, and laughed and talked and jested with his usual sprightliness. Not so Ellen—she noticed my constraint and cast upon me a look of mingled surprise and curiosity. From the remark of Lewis in the ball-room I was aware of his wishes and intentions; he was anxious for a union between Ellen and his companion, and this introduction and dinner was doubtless designed as his first step towards effecting his object. Of Fleming's dark and secret malice, too, what the consequences might be, was a mystery. His words and actions had already indicated hostility towards Mr. Barry; and his indistinct muttering upon the night of the ball very likely foreboded danger to myself. As it was, however, no decided measures could be taken on my part, and the only alternative was to await circumstances. I determined in the meantime to watch his movements narrowly—to watch strictly over the fate of my sister; and also to defend as much as possible, Mr. Barry from the machination of his enemy. But how to reconcile the narration of Mr. Barry in regard to his marriage with Theresa—how to reconcile it with

the casual assertions of both Fleming and his mother I knew not. Was I to place implicit reliance upon the truth of his narrative? What reason had I to doubt his veracity? None! But still the mystery of the marriage-certificate haunted my thoughts. Whether merely lost or entirely destroyed he knew not—it was strange—was it incredible?

The winter passed away—Fleming occasionally dined at our table, but nothing occurred to arouse my fears in respect to Ellen. He and my brother were giddily pursuing, like the boy chasing the butterfly, the phantoms of their vicious pleasures—completely entangled in the vortex of fashionable dissipation. The spring months too had passed by, and it was now summer in the month of June, at which season it was Mr. Barry's invariable custom to leave the city for his country-seat, situated upon the sloping shore of the Delaware. The white turrets of this mansion peer above the deep shaded green-wood by which the main building is intercepted from the view of those who pass and repass up and down the river. The liberal taste of its owner has bestowed upon it every necessary to make it what it professes to be, of Gothic architecture; interior too is in every way adapted to its pretensions—embellished with carvings, mouldings, devices, &c. appropriately secreted, without the absurdities, and frequently the monstrosities that disfigure, instead of ornament, this style of buildings in Europe, constructed during the middle ages. The grounds are neatly laid out; statues of our Revolutionary heroes are interspersed with here and there a bust of a distinguished orator or statesman of the present day—lions couchant—water-nymphs—fountains, &c. and every luxury and variety that wealth, liberality and taste can consistently apply. Here this summer, I accompanied Mr. Barry and Louisa to pass the season. With the house and grounds I was delighted, and the scenery of the surrounding country, though not striking or magnificent, was nevertheless attractive to the eye and pleasant. The roads in the neighborhood afforded a delightful ride upon horseback, and were well calculated to render a drive and *tete-a-tete* interesting. The stabling of the place was in excellent order, and afforded facilities for enjoyments of the kind, of which Louisa and I availed ourselves, driving out into the country almost daily. Our excursions would be frequently extended for several miles; from these we always returned delighted, not with novelty but with the mutual pleasure that we afforded each other. A pleasure-barge also was constantly in readiness upon the shore into which, towards sunset, we occasionally entered and launched out upon the unruffled bosom of the stream, where not more than a century and a half previous the light canoe of the Indian had glided over the same waters. Best of all, a judicious selection of books formed an invaluable library which had been collected together by Mr. Barry during the last twenty years. The library, as it is called, is an oblong apartment fitted up in a suitable and original style—it is in the second story and occupies the whole length of the northern wing; it connects with the main staircase by means of a corridor, and is so arranged as to be insulated as it were from the other rooms.

The side fronting the north is ornamented with windows, five in number, the center one of which opens out upon a balcony. Between each of these windows, (or casements as they should more properly be called,) there is a recess, and corresponding ones in the opposite wall. Here again is the proprietor's taste to be seen—in each of which is to be seen either a statue or bust of some one distinguished in the republic of letters. Beautiful paintings by native artists adorn the walls—and at the time of which I am writing, while at Barry Place, as it is called, many of Louisa's hours and my own were occupied in this intellectual retreat among the volumes of the collections which it contained. In addition to which our publisher in the city furnished us promptly with the new works which so rapidly emanate from the prolific pens of our popular authors. With news papers, too, and periodicals we were daily supplied.

This, be it remembered, was in the summer of 1834. The reader, by referring back to the letter of Theresa to Mr. Barry (chapter third) will perceive that it is dated May 21st 1814. In the course of his narrative, too, he states that when he arrived at C—— the Rev. Mr. Boyd had been about six months a widower—his wife having died at the moment almost of his daughter Louisa's birth—consequently the latter was now at the time of which I write, in her twenty-second year. I was two years her senior.

Moonlight—its softness, its beauty, had at this time for us a particular charm; I believe it has for lovers generally. To walk arm-in-arm along the level banks of the shore and listen to the murmuring ripple of the waves—to gaze with delighted eyes upon the glittering scene where the moon's concentrated rays, like aspen leaves, trembled; to hear the nightingale's note and the whisper of the breeze through the foliage—to us it was happiness—paradise! Evenings not enriched by Diana's light were passed within the almost regally furnished parlors of the mansion, where with the piano and the music of Louisa's voice time swiftly went by.

The day had been uncomfortably warm, says the journal, and had been passed by the inmates of Barry Place entirely within doors as affording a cooler retreat from the intensity of the sun's beams than even the thick-leaved foliage of the trees. Mr. Barry was in the library; Louisa and I lounged listlessly about the parlors, at intervals resorting to music, then to reading, promenading together the tessellated marble, and in short we tried every means to kill the time. Louisa was dressed *en dishabille*, with a loose but neatly made morning gown of spotless white cambric. My toilette had been equally simple, consisting merely of white pantaloons and coat, slippers and stockings, with the collar of my linen thrown loosely open, without cravat, and confined about my throat, with a neck-ribbon only, *a la Byron*.

"It is intensely warm," remarked Mr. Barry at the dinner table. "The thermometer is at ninety-six in the shade."

"Have you heard from home lately," asked Louisa—"how is your sister?"

This question startled me; it reminded me of Ellen whom I had forgotten.



"Six weeks ago," I replied, "I received a letter from my sister, in which she informed me that the family would the next morning leave town for the country—since which I have not heard from her or them. All are however enjoying good health, I presume, or I should have been apprised of it."

"Is Arthur Fleming on terms of intimacy with your family, do you know?" inquired Mr. Barry—"I understand that he and your brother are inseparable."

"I am aware of the intimacy subsisting between my brother and him," was my rejoinder, "but as regards his acquaintance with others of the family I am unable to answer—I hope however that is limited."

This brief dialogue awoke Louisa's curiosity, which Mr. Barry perceiving, he with admirable tact changed the conversation to another subject. But as I have said, it had the effect to call my attention to the situation of my sister, over whom I had promised myself to keep a protecting eye, but had entirely neglected to do so. I at once determined to start home the next morning.

Towards sunset heavy clouds began to gather in the western horizon, the air became suddenly cooler, and we experienced a welcome relief from the heat and nerveless feelings with which we had been incommoded during the fore part of the day. It did not rain however as the appearance of the atmosphere at first threatened; the heavy clouds swept away towards the south and disappeared, leaving a clear but variegated sky. The shades of twilight followed the setting sun, evening came and the moon arose in all her splendor, casting a rich golden light over the wave and gilding with its beams the tree-top and turret.

Upon the shore, beneath the shadow of a wide-spreading oak, Louisa and I were standing.

"How calm, how beautiful," said she, pleased with the picture-like view before us, as we stepped from the shade into the full light of the moon.

"On such a night," whispered I, "in the bow-er of love, Lorenzo and Jessica sat—on such a night did Romeo woo fair Capulet."

After further conversation I gently imparted to her my intention of leaving. "To-morrow I shall leave you—"

"Leave me?" she quickly interrupted, with a look of incertitude and inquiry. "Leave me?"

"Yes, to-morrow, but"—and before I could again finish the sentence "to-morrow!" she echoed with a tone of maidenly alarm—"leave me to-morrow! why?"

I then explained to her my misgivings and fears for Ellen, informing her of my brother's desire that a marriage should be effected between my sister and Fleming, and my reason for objecting to such a union, but carefully avoided any allusions to aught that referred to Mr. Barry. It is true he had exacted of me but the one promise of secrecy, but that I considered binding in regard to much that had since transpired, and therefore determined to keep it inviolable. "Arthur Fleming," said I, "is far from being the man whom I should desire for a brother-in-law."

"Or I;" observed Louisa—"and I commend your efforts to prevent his being so—I have a poor opinion of the man. Return then to your father's family—but"—and she lowered her voice

to a whisper, "you will not long be absent?—will you?"

"Not more than a week at most."

"A week!—separated from you, it will seem like a year."

We returned to the house; Mr. Barry was still in the library. Louisa sat down to the piano and we beguiled an hour or so with music, then went out again to enjoy the beauty of the night. We wended our way towards a peculiarly romantic part of the grounds where a thick cluster of trees formed an arbor, and seated ourselves near the natural gushing of a fountain through the fissure of a small rock—the rock serving as a base for a statue of the modern Cincinnati\* upon the white marble of which the moonlight reposed, imparting to the sculptured hero almost the look of life. Here the time passed till nearly midnight, when we were summoned by the approach of one of the servants who had been sent by Mr. Barry in search of us. But there, while by the fountain and the statue, and in that arbor, calmly and dispassionately did Louisa and I plight our vows!!

Having returned to the house, in one of the parlors we found Mr. Barry, to whom I communicated my intentions of leaving in the morning. I then summoned Jerome, my valet, and gave orders to be in readiness to start at an early hour.

"Shall I waken you, sir?"

"Yes, as early as five o'clock."

"Yes, sir," responded Jerome, and retired.

In the hall I kissed Louisa fondly as we shook hands and bade good-night and good-bye. She ascended the staircase towards her chamber but halted at the termination of the first flight, leaning over the balustrade, "Recollect, George," she ingenuously remarked, "one week only!"

"No more, I assure you." I kissed my hand towards her, she returned the compliment and vanished.

"Good bye," said Mr. Barry as he grasped me by the hand—"good night."

"Good bye, sir," I responded—"good night," and we separated.

\* Washington.

(To be Continued.)

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE MINIATURE.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

"FANNY," said Mr. Heath to his young daughter, "I don't believe you will ever be good for any thing as long as you live." And "why not father? what makes you say so?" was her deprecating answer.

"Because, my dear, you are old enough to know how to arrange a tea-table decently, but you have given me the carving-knife to eat with, while Henry has none at all. Then here is the nutmeg grater, where the pepper-box should be, and mustard, in the place of molasses; and I should think you had put cider and sugar on the cucumbers, instead of vinegar and salt."

"Oh father, what a careless girl I am, but my friend Jane was here talking to me all the while I was getting the tea ready, and I thought it was

all done right, or rather I did not think anything about it. Excuse me now and I will try to do better another time."

Now this Fanny was what people call a "spoilt child," and it was altogether the fault of her parents; for having no other, they were of course very fond of her, and let her always do pretty much as she would, till she became very wild and very careless. Her mother, being a notable woman, kept no "help," and having gone out visiting, the duty of preparing the evening meal consequently devolved upon Fanny, who was always so slack as almost to exhaust her father's patience: but then she was such a favorite, and had such a coaxing way, it was soon overlooked; and there was little chance, as her father said, of her ever being "good for any thing." She was very pretty—as spoilt girls always are—playful as a fawn and gay as a lark—singing and frolic-ing away the bright hours of her existence, without ever dreaming that the future would bring tears or sorrow. There was a cousin Henry, who boarded in the family, and attended the same school with Fanny. He was a delicate lad, and therefore his parents, who resided in a large city, thought it would be best to send him into the country for a while; and they knew that in his uncle's family he would be treated with the same care and kindness as at home. Henry was quiet, imaginative, and studious, and never got into any scrapes unless through Fanny's instrumentality. But though so opposite in character that it seemed like the meeting of extremes, the two were inseparable; sharing each others thoughts, amusements and studies; and if Fanny did sometimes try to tease him, there was nobody in the world, beside her father and mother, that she loved so well as cousin Henry.

Fanny reached the age of fourteen without having grown *very* sedate, when she had the misfortune to lose her mother. It was her first grief, and keenly did she feel it; but now was her time to act, and she showed the strength and goodness of her heart by striving to subdue her own sorrow, and feigning a cheerfulness which she did not feel, that she might in some degree fill the place of her dead mother, and by the faithful performance of every duty devolving upon her, endeavor to lighten the sense of bereavement which weighed upon her father so heavily. Her careless habits were soon reformed, and her remaining parent never had cause to complain of her neglecting any thing necessary to his comfort and enjoyment.

Henry was now in college, and his visits were few and far between; and two more years passed away, during which Fanny improved greatly both in mind and person, and regained much of her former gaiety; when, having gone through his collegiate course, he came to make them a long visit; to ruralise and recruit his health, which had become somewhat impaired by too great mental exertion. Fanny was very glad when he arrived, but very sorry to see him looking so pale and worn out, and she determined to cheer him up and take the best possible care of him. Fanny had never been away from home, and Henry dressed and appeared so different from the young men in the village, she feared he had become a "dandy," for she had read and heard

of such animals; nevertheless she thought him a very elegant young man: but she had not entirely conquered her "freedom of speech," and often said just contrary to what she thought. She was one day alone with her father, when he turned the conversation to his nephew—who stood high in his favor—making some remarks about his good qualities, and how much he had improved. It was an interesting subject to Fanny, but, as I have said before, she had a contrary way with her, and so she answered—"improved, father! why he is a scare-crow, a perfect scare-crow! I wonder what he would take, to stand daily in the corn-field—he could not sit, for his pantaloons are strapped down so tight there would soon be a rent in the knees: then his coat is so fine and so black, it would draw down the sun's rays and he would quickly melt, like a tallow candle, with the fervent heat. Look at his long hair too, hanging about his neck, and his collar turned down like Ponto's ears, and the green ring on his finger—truly, he is a remarkable young man."

"And you are a remarkable young woman, Fanny. What saith the Scripture about bridling the tongue?"

"I don't know father, what is it?"

"Go and see, sauce-box, you will find it in the Epistle of James."

Now it so happened that the subject of this conversation was sitting in the room above, and both doors being open he could not refrain from listening when his own name was introduced. He knew Fanny too well to take it much to heart, but he went that evening to the barber's to get his locks shorn, and the next day made his appearance in loose pantaloons and linen "roundabout," with a handkerchief tied loosely about his neck, instead of a collar; and Fanny, not thinking to what the change was owing, remarked on the improvement and good taste displayed in his dress.

Henry had loved his cousin from boyhood, and though he had seen many intelligent and lovely girls, none of them had ever caused his thoughts to wander from her. He knew her well—all her good qualities, and all her failings—and knew that her faults were not those of the heart. Then why did he not "propose"? because he feared—and who ever loved without fearing?—that his affection would not be returned.

There did occasionally seem to be some hope, and favorable opportunities often occurred for him to open his heart; as they had many rambles and rides together; but somehow the perverse girl would always cut short his speech, or leave him in the lurch, without letting him know whether it was through design or accident.

Once she was thrown from her horse, and though she did not actually "faint away," she was for a moment, frightened into unconsciousness. Henry carried her to a green bank and half knelt by her side to support her; but she immediately revived, and he was on the point of pouring forth in words the joy and affection of his heart, when she started up suddenly, exclaiming, "why you awkward fellow, you are kneeling with your whole weight right on my poor foot! I am not injured in the least possible degree, so let us mount and be off."

Again, in descending the bank of a stream to obtain a favorite flower, her foot slipped and she fell into the water. It was shallow, and there was no real danger if she had retained her presence of mind. Henry came out for the purpose of joining her, and had just reached the bank above as she uttered a faint exclamation of distress. He caught hold of the branches of a willow that grew near and letting himself quickly down, took her in his arms and bore her safely to a seat. This time she was really faint with terror, and did not as soon recover. Tears stood in her bright eyes when she had opened them, and laying her hand upon her companion's shoulder to support herself, while she gently removed his arm from her waist; she sweetly thanked him for having rendered her such timely assistance. The paleness left her cheek, a faint blush stole over it, and Henry thought she had never looked so beautiful; and he was about to utter some fervent expressions: but just then, happening to think of her wet dress, she poured forth a torrent of words which put him "all aback."

"Good gracious! Henry, I am catching my death here in my soaked drapery, and what a figure I cut, I dare say now, you are reminded of Venus rising from the sea. Why the skirt to my garment is all mud, and I have lost off both of my shoes; surely, this is very romantic. You are my knight errant, and it was your duty to rescue me from a "watery grave," but you ought to be ashamed to stand gazing at such a bedraggled damsel. Think how I must feel to be seen in a plight like this, and do for pity's sake leave me alone, to wring the water from my tresses, and pick up my duds. Wont you go Master Wilful? you don't think I jumped in on purpose, and wish to try it again, do you? But if you are inclined to stay, I will relieve you of my company, so good bye, cousin." She started away with a fleet step for the house, and he did not overtake her till she had almost reached the door; but the fright, and the race, had been too much for her, and she did not leave the room the whole of the succeeding day.

Henry soon after returned home, and his father having some business for him to attend to, he did not again visit his uncle's till the following summer, and then he appeared altered toward his cousin. They had occasionally exchanged affectionate cousinly letters during his absence, and he had often mentioned a young lady staying at his father's house, and represented her as very witty and beautiful. Fanny felt hurt about it, and when he came again and seemed so cold and different from what he had in former days, she grew sober, and lost all her spirits. She had always taken it upon herself to keep his room in order, and now she frequently found songs and sonnets; addressed to some nameless fair one and breathing the fondest affection; left lying on the table or writing-desk, so openly she could not but read them, though every one sent a pang to her heart; and occasionally there would be a letter, left accidentally, directed in a delicate female hand: these she was too highminded even to touch, and she remained entirely ignorant of the name of her rival.

She was in the room one morning, arranging

the books and wiping the dust from the furniture; when, lifting a cambric handkerchief which lay on the table, she discovered a miniature, resting on some exquisite lines, apparently addressed to the original of the picture. It was a sweet face, and very handsomely set; with a knot of beautiful auburn hair in the back of it, and a braid of the same to pass around the neck. Fanny could not stand all this unmoved; but what right had she to be grieved because her cousin had found some one to love—perhaps she had thought he loved her; but now she knew he did not, and holding the picture in one hand and leaning her head on the other, the feelings of her heart were betrayed by a passionate burst of tears. Henry came in as if by accident, and going towards the table he anxiously bent over the weeping girl.

"Why Fanny! what has happened to you? I beg you will tell me—I am distressed to see you weep so bitterly. Look up cousin, and speak to me."

"Oh Henry! I did not think you would be so wanting in confidence as not to tell me you were engaged. Have I not been like a sister to you these many years?—always confiding in your friendship—and now you have not even spoken to me of this. You know what an interest I take in every thing concerning you; and why did you not tell me?"

"Listen to me, Fanny dearest, and I will now tell you all. I am not wanting in confidence, neither am I engaged."

"But the miniature, Henry, and the poetry, and the lady mentioned in your letters—do not try to deceive me."

"I dearly love the original of that picture, but, Fanny, it is my sister, and the lines on which you found it resting were addressed to her. You could not of course recognize the likeness of Anna, as you have not met since you were children. She too will answer for the lady praised in my foolish epistles. You know she has been in school at Troy for four years, and her visits at home during that time were short, and often when I happened to be away. Having finished her school education, she came home last winter very much accomplished, and so I played off a hoax on you, by telling only half the truth, and leaving you to understand that I spoke of a visiter—am I forgiven? But some of these foolish verses were addressed to another person—to you Fanny—I have never loved any one but you, and I should have told you so a hundred times if you had not prevented me; and now dearest, give me the assurance that my affection is returned—say that you love me, Fanny!"

"I don't believe I do," was the faint answer, but he held her hand and even went so far as to imprint a kiss upon it, without meeting any resistance; and he might have touched her lips—I suppose it would have been perfectly natural on such an occasion—but perhaps he was prevented from thus presuming, by the fear of getting his ears boxed. How it turned out I do not pretend to say; for thinking the presence of a third person would be disagreeable, I had the consideration to come away just then, and leave them alone together.

Hartford, July 13, 1840.



## MISCELLANY.

## THE WIDOWER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HALE.

He did not send her to a boarding school to learn frivolous accomplishments, and make romantic friendships, have her head filled with the fashions and beaux, before any principles for the guidance of her conduct in life, or any distinct ideas of what constitutes rational happiness, has been conveyed to her mind. Certain it is, however, that the love of home, and the habit of domestic confidence must pervade female education or merely being married will never make a woman fond of domestic pleasures, or capable of discharging domestic duties. It is strange that men of sense, and learning, can imagine that a weak-minded, sentimental, frivolous young lady, whose whole heart is devoted to dress, amusements, and husband-hunting, will make a kind, submissive and judicious wife! Such apparently gentle girls are the most unreasonable beings in the universe—as wives, I mean. Men will not believe till they find by conjugal experience, that a pretty, soft spoken, sentimental young creature, whose deepest learning is a few French phrases, and a few tunes on the piano, can exhibit passions as violent as Queen Elizabeth, or be as obstinate as Madame de Staël in argument. Before proposing to marry a young lady, consider if she has qualities you would esteem in an intimate friend. If she has not, never dream your love will last, though she be as beautiful as an Hourii. Beauty is a fascinating object—but who ever selected a friend for his or her beauty?

## A LAST SHOT.

An English frigate was obliged to strike to a French vessel of superior force. The England captain, on resigning his sword, was treated rather roughly by the French commander, who reproached him for having, contrary to the usages of war, shot pieces of glass from his guns. The English officer, conscious that no such thing had been done, made enquiry into the matter among his men, and found the fact to have been this. An Irish seaman, just before the vessel struck, took a parcel of shillings out of his pocket, and swearing the French rascals should have none of them, wrapped them in a piece of rag, and thrust them into his gun, exclaiming, "Let us see what a bribe can do!" These shillings flying about the vessel, were mistaken by the French for glass. The above explanation not only satisfied them, but put them in great good humor with their captives.

## PERSONAL COURAGE OF BONAPARTE.

The brilliant affair of Elchingen having given the emperor the advantage of a strong point on the right bank, he lost no time in profiting by it, to make all his guard, the corps or Marshal Lann, and that of the grenadiers united under the command of General Oudinot, pass over to that side in order to shut up the enemy in Ulm. The weather became very bad; the bridge of Elchingen was carried away by a sudden rise of the river; and we learned at the same time, the sally made by the Archduke Ferdinand, and the brilliant action of the division of General Dupont.

The emperor, after having ordered the Grand Duke of Berg to pursue the Archduke, marched towards Ulm, to complete the investment of that place on the left bank, and to make himself master of Mount St. Michael, one of the eminences which command the town. The rain fell in torrents the emperor stopped in a wretched hovel, within half-cannon shot of the entrenchments, the attack of which he confided to General Bertrand. He went thither in person, and it was there, that, having advanced very far, just at the moment when the enemy were unmasking a battery, Marshal Lannis attempted in vain, to hinder him from exposing himself any further, and even went so far as to lay hold of his horse's bridle in order to stop him.—*Memoirs of his Own Time, by Count Dumas.*

## PAYING FOR NEWS.

On returning to his family, after an absence of some weeks, Captain Johnson had been driven from Kingstown to Dublin by a carman, who, looking discontentedly at the fare paid him, said, "Shure, your Honor will give a trifle more than this?" "Not a rap," said the Captain. "Bad luck to me but you would," persisted Paddy, "if you knew all, then." "What do you mean?" asked Johnson, anxiously. "Faix, dat's tellin, any way; and is it only for my fare I'm to tell my news?" "Well, well," said the Captain, "here's another shilling; now what has happened?" "Sorrah the harm at all, only I thought you'd not begrudge a little extra some'at to know that I driv ye the last three miles without a linch-pin."

## UNPARALLELED PRECOCITY.

"Isn't he a fine child?" said a young mother to a visiter, as she proudly exhibited her first born. "The handsomest boy I ever saw," was, of course, the instant reply of the old bachelor to whom the appeal was made. "Yes; bless his little heart!" exclaimed the better half author of the little bantling; "and so very forward of his age, don't you think?" "Very forward," said the echo. And, as the young matron removed the cap from her Bobby's head, the inexperienced bachelor continued, in evident amazement, "Bless me!—he is forward! I never before saw a person bald-headed so soon!"

THE WAY TO WIN A KISS.—A late lawyer used to tell this story of a brother barrister. As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thec'must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

CONFIDANTS.—Love is often a heavier burden for a man to bear than for woman; for every woman, by a kind instinct, has some friend, to whom she confides all her secrets, and eases herself by talking about them; but a man is ashamed to confess his feelings, and often conceals them till they wound and rankle.

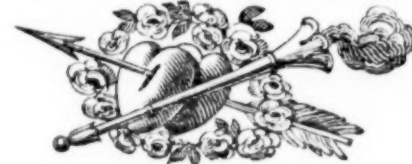
A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the "Phacton" of a jaunting car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I who upset your honor in a ditch two years ago?"

MEN AND WOMEN.—A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but man's heart is generally influenced by his head.—*Lady Blesington.*

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. S. W. Troy, Vt. \$1.00; S. P. Canaan, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hammond, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Stamford, N. Y. \$10.00; J. V. G. W. H. Navarino, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Sullivan, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. Conesville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Franklinville, N. Y. \$3.00; H. P. West Port, N. Y. \$1.00; C. A. Middle Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gansevoort, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Eden, N. Y. \$0.62; A. F. H. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$4.00; C. B. Hyde Park, Vt. \$1.00; D. S. P. Manlius, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. A. West Avon, N. Y. \$2.00; R. H. M. Salem, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Scotland, Ct. \$5.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$5.00; A. P. D. Royaltown, Vt. \$1.00; W. P. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Windsor, Ms. \$1.00; M. R. D. South Cameron, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; W. R. F. Hempstead, N. Y. \$1.00; F. M. W. Enfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Huntersland, N. Y. \$1.00; E. P. Hanover Center, N. H. \$10.00; F. P. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$5.00; L. D. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Burksville, Ky. \$3.00; D. P. Lockport, N. Y. \$1.00; L. P. Java Village, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. A. A. Whiting, Vt. \$1.00; H. M. S. Windsor, Vt. \$1.00; L. M. K. Jamestown, N. Y. \$5.00; B. C. H. Derby, Vt. \$1.00; S. S. East Franklin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. North Bloomfield, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Nineveh, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. South Eremont, Ms. \$1.00; S. R. Stearns, Ms. \$1.00; L. S. K. Jericho, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. Heydenville, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. East Groveland, N. Y. \$3.00; H. J. Danby, N. Y. \$1.00; C. O. Le Roy, N. Y. \$1.00; K. D. S. Barnet, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Scipioville, N. Y. \$2.00; S. R. M. Shelburn Falls, Ms. \$1.00; W. D. S. Jamestown, N. Y. \$12.00; A. H. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; H. F. N. Madison, O. \$1.00; P. M. Rocky Springs, Miss. \$5.00; E. C. Millport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Whalen's Store, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Schuylersville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Niagara Falls, N. Y. \$5.00; G. C. B. Yonkers, N. Y. \$3.00; H. L. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. K. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Norwalk, Ct. \$1.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$1.00; G. W. S. Gayhead, N. Y. \$4.00; J. H. E. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$2.00; E. A. C. Xenia, O. \$1.00; D. F. H. Lansingville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. M. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. I. West Greenfield, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. Clear Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. North Chili, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Knowlesville, N. Y. \$6.00; L. B. South Danby, N. Y. \$1.00; O. M. W. Moravia, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. H. Upper Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; P. T. Abington Center, Pa. \$1.00; P. M. Cambridge, Vt. \$2.00; E. K. Preston, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Lee, Ms. \$1.00; A. L. Hinsdale, Ms. \$1.00; M. E. L. Middleport, N. Y. \$1.00; R. R. B. L. Griegsville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nelson, N. Y. \$5.00; D. T. F. Ogdensburg, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gates, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Bristol, N. Y. \$1.00; M. E. P. Canaan, N. Y. \$1.00; C. A. C. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$2.00; H. A. Gayhead, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. Mount Hope, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$4.00; M. P. Alma, Me. \$1.00; O. B. Haydenville, Ms. \$1.00; L. B. Lavanua, N. Y. \$1.00; B. F. E. Hartford, Ct. \$5.00; H. B. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South America, N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00.



## Married.

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. C. F. Le Fevre, Mr. Edwin C. Terry to Miss Susan Ann Bailey, all of this city.

At Claverack, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. Edward Monell, of the firm of Huntington & Monell, to Miss Ann Whiting, both of this city.

In New York, on the 2d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Knox, Capt. John James Van Deburgh, of this city, to Miss Ann Maria Staats, daughter of Abraham P. Staats, Esq.

## Died.

In this city, on the 15th ult. Mr. William Curtis, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 15th ult. Mr. Patrick Clyne, in his 31st year.

On the 17th ult. Mr. William Rowley, in his 55th year.

On the 17th ult. Helen, wife of Mr. Chauncey Jaquins, in her 30th year.

On the 27th ult. Sally Chace, in her 64th year.

At New York, on the 18th ult. Eliza Ann, wife of Reuben Rowley, in her 38th year.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO A LITTLE GIRL FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

I LOOK upon thy happy face  
And wonder what thy lot will be,  
When thou hast passed the childish days  
So full of happiness to thee;  
I wonder, where thy feet will stand  
When thou hast left thy father's hearth,  
And parted from the smiling band  
Now gathered round thee in their mirth.  
Must those bright eyes, be dimmed with tears,  
That fall o'er earthly toils and woes,  
And wilt thou strive with hopes and fears,  
As others do—'till life shall close?  
How will thy gentle spirit bear  
Its future trials here below!  
How can thy feet escape each snare,  
Spread in the paths where thou shalt go!  
Full many a sad and bitter thought,  
Shall struggle yet within thy breast,  
And many an hour with anguish fraught  
Shall rob thy weary eyes of rest.  
Oh! fearful is the discipline,  
That every child of earth must bear  
To cleanse the heart from guilt and sin,  
That God may make his dwelling there.  
Where shall thy grave at length be made?  
Beneath thy loved—thy native sky—  
Or 'neath the palm tree's grateful shade,  
Where Gambia's silvery waves pass by?—  
Upon some wild and desert strand,  
Or on some cold and wintry shore—  
Or in the forests of the land,  
Where proud Columbia's waters roar?  
It matters little, where shall be  
Thy last, thy lowly, bed of rest,  
And little, who shall stand by thee,  
When thou the couch of death hath prest—  
No spot of earth is far away  
From heaven's own bright and glorious shore,  
If but a place is found for thee,  
In that blest world, when life is o'er.  
Sweet Mary—may the lot be thine  
Of her—who sat at Jesus' feet  
And greatly loved in olden time  
The Master's gentle smile to meet.  
Be thine like hers, the "better part"  
No earthly change can take away,  
And thine the pure, the lowly heart—  
That owns the Holy Spirit's sway. M. E. W.

For the Rural Repository.

## SUMMER FLOWERS.

An offering to the spirit of Poetry.

On take the wreath—'twas framed for thee,  
From many a brilliant blossom,  
That fancy, roving stole for me  
From Summer's lovely bosom.  
The myrtle flowers and jessamine,  
All form a blooming border;  
The dahlias gay and eglantines,  
Mingle in sweet disorder.  
And here its eye of softest blue,  
Spring's favorite flower uncloses;

And sparkling with the morning dew,  
Summer wreaths her early roses.  
And every flower that sheds perfume,  
O'er the mead or on the mountain,  
Or bathes its breast of brilliant bloom,  
In the flood, or o'er the fountain:

All, all commingling here are seen;  
Each wild delightful blossom,  
That paints the rich and lovely green,  
Of Summer's blooming bosom.  
And since the blush of early light,  
I've kept each blossom steeping,  
In scented dew-drops, warm and bright,  
I shook from roses, weeping.

And widely scattered o'er the vale,  
The glowing wreath discloses,  
As gently waving in the gale,  
Summer's gayest roses.

And o'er the wreath's rich dress of green,  
Sparkles are strewn so beaming,  
As none but poets e'er have seen,  
And only seen when dreaming. ELLEN.

For the Rural Repository.

## ASPIRATIONS.

On that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly  
away and be at rest.—*Psalms, lv. 6.*

THE quiet sky—the quiet sky—  
How peaceful and how fair!  
Fain would my weary spirit fly,  
And dwell forever there.

Far from all earthly care and toil,  
From sorrow and from strife;  
From all the busy, dread turmoil  
That drains the fount of life.

We feel the crimson flood decay,  
As grief weighs on the heart—  
We feel our life-blood waste away,  
Our energy depart.

Why should we fondly hug the chain  
That binds to earth so long,  
With hearts so sad, so full of pain,  
So pierced with bitter wrong?

Oh! with the Psalmist, I could sigh  
For the wings of the gentle dove;  
That I might fly to realms on high,  
Where all is peace and love.

But I must wait God's own good time,  
Till he shall bid me come;  
Then soar aloft to that blest clime,  
The ransomed sinner's home. ALICE.

## SONG OF THE BIRDS.

BY WM S. HOLDEN.

'Tis morn on the mountain, 'tis morn in the vale,  
And the song of the wild bird is borne on the gale.  
Each songster in joy at the coming of day,  
From his own little dwelling is up and away;  
And the notes of his matin are mellow and high,  
As he rises to meet the glad sun in the sky.

"When the dawn o'er the mountain  
Comes beaming along,  
We arise at his coming  
To carol a song;  
With the blue sky above us,  
We're merry and free—  
O there's none in this wide world  
So happy as we.  
From dawning till eve,  
Through the long summer day,  
Still thoughtless and cheerful  
We warble away.

When the bright sunlight pales  
To the twilight dim,  
We sweetly chaunt farewell  
In a vesper hymn,  
And time passes on,  
Without trouble or care—  
Our home all around us,  
The earth and the air."

Thus when the first flush of the morning hath smiled,  
They send up an anthem in melody wild,  
They warble in beauty in sweetness alone,  
Till their bright day is ended and summer is gone.

## MUSINGS.

BY MRS. FARAH J. HALE.

I WONDER if the rich man prays,  
And how his morning prayer is said;  
He'll ask for health and length of days,  
But does he ask for "daily bread?"

When by his door in posture meek,  
He sees the poor man waiting stand,  
With sunken eye and care-worn cheek,  
Begging employment from his hand.

And when he tells his piteous tale  
Of sickly wife and children small,  
Of rents that raise, and crops that fail,  
And troubles that the poor befall;

I wonder if the rich man's thoughts  
Mount free as Nature's hymn to Heaven,  
In gratitude, that happier lot  
By Providence to him was given.

And does his heart exult to know,  
He too, like Heaven, hath power to give?  
To strengthen weakness, soften woe,  
And bid hope's dying lamp revive?

And when around his ghastly hearth,  
A troop of friends the rich man greets,  
And songs of joy and smiles of mirth  
Add grace, to flattery's homage sweet;

I wonder if his fancy sees,  
A vision of those wretched homes,  
Where want is wrestling with disease,  
And scarce a ray of comfort comes!

O, world! how strange thy lots are given!  
Life's aim how rarely understood!  
And men—how far estranged from heaven,  
If heaven requires a brotherhood.

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